

# Why fumeth in sight

*The third tune*

(original barring)

Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575), Psalm 2

Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)

The Whole Psalter translated into English Metre (John Daye press, London, 1567)

Meane

Contratenor

Tenor

Base

Why fum'th in sight the Gen-tiles spite, in fu-ry ra-ging stout?  
Let us they say, break down their ray of all their bonds and cords;  
The Lord in fear your ser-vice bear, with dread to him re-joyce;

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5

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we will re-nounce that they pro-nounce, their lores as state-ly lords. But God of Might  
let ra-ges be, re-sist not ye, him serve with joy-ful voice. The Son kiss ye

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the lords de - vise in coun - cils met there - to; a - gainst the Lord,  
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with false ac - cord, a - gainst his Christ they go.  
 shall them de - fy, they shall be once for - lorn.  
 is set on fire, who trust in him be blest.

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1. Why fum'th in sight the Gentiles spite,  
 in fury raging stout?  
 why taketh in hand the people fond  
 vain things to bring about?  
 The kings arise, the lords devise  
 in councils met thereto  
 against the Lord, with false accord,  
 against his Christ they go.

2. Let us they say, break down their ray  
 of all their bonds and cords;  
 we will renounce that they pronounce,  
 their lores as stately lords.  
 But God of Might in Heaven so bright  
 shall laugh them all to scorn;  
 the Lord on high shall them defy,  
 they shall be once forlorn.

3. Then shall his ire speak all in fire,  
 to them again, therefore;  
 he shall them threat, their malice beat,  
 in his displeasure sore.  
 Yet am I set, a King so great,  
 on Sion Hill, full fast;  
 though me they kill, yet will that Hill  
 my Law and word outcast.

4. God's words decreed I (Christ) will spread,  
 for God thus said to me:  
 My Son, I say, Thou art, this day  
 I have begotten thee.  
 Ask thou of me, I will give thee  
 to rule all Gentiles' lands;  
 thou shalt possess in sureness  
 the World how wide it stands.

5. With iron rod, as mighty God,  
 all rebels shalt thou bruise,  
 and break them all in pieces small,  
 as shards the potters use.  
 Be wise therefore, ye kings, the more,  
 receive ye wisdom's lore;  
 ye judges strong of right and wrong,  
 advise you now before.

The Lord in fear your service bear,  
 with dread to him rejoice;  
 let rages be, resist not ye,  
 him serve with joyful voice.  
 The Son kiss ye lest wroth he be,  
 lose not the way of rest;  
 for when his ire is set on fire,  
 who trust in him be blest.